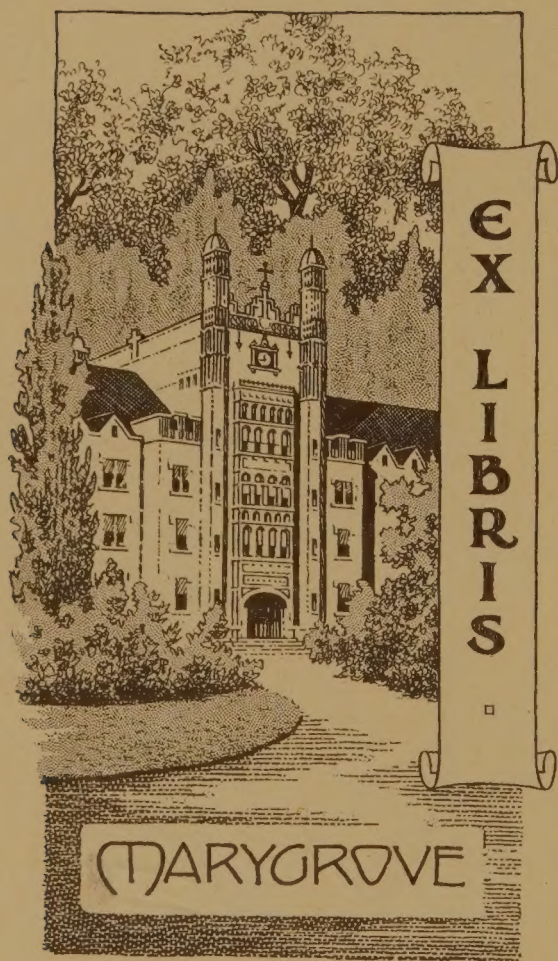


THE
ETERNAL
BABE



AN "AMERICA"
ANTHOLOGY

Sister M. Dolores
Christmas 1929



Teress Row

811.08

Am33e

Cop.2

THOUGHT FOUNDATION : POETRY SERIES, NO. 2

THE ETERNAL BABE

THE ETERNAL BABE

VERSES FROM "AMERICA"
IN FEALTY TO
THE CHRIST CHILD

Edited by
FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S. J.
Literary Editor of "America"



THE AMERICA PRESS
NEW YORK

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
DETROIT

Cum Permissu Superiorum

Copyright 1927, by
The America Press

RECEIVED
JAN 11 1928
LIBRARY

FOREWORD

ON the night that the Son was born to Mary, all the world lay silent and subdued. Golden specks of stars glittered in a cold blue sky and a mellow moon glowed over the vague hills. From Bethlehem there came out no sound and shone forth no light save, perhaps, the fitful sputtering of a torchlight about the caravanserie or the shout of a hostler or a traveler in the cattle yard. The house-doors of Bethlehem had been fastened at the fall of night against all unwelcome callers. The sleeping places in the inn had all been bargained for in the late afternoon. There was no room for Mary and Joseph in the city of David when, footsore and dust-drenched, they led the ass into the crooked lanes between the low white cabins. They could find shelter only in the shed on the edge of the town where the ox was tied. Mary and Joseph were alone in the night. The wind whiffled through the crevices of the stable. The rushlight flickered. Christ was born and wrapped in swaddling bands and laid in the manger and warmed with the breath of the ox and the ass. An archangel formed from out of the night before the startled eyes of some shepherds and told them the glad tidings. A choir of angels, hovering

FOREWORD

in mid-sky, caroled a greeting hymn of Christ's nativity. Eager, frightened, curious, the shepherds raced across the field; awed, they bowed down low in adoration before the Child.

Somewhat thus do the poets and the painters vision the Gospel tale of that first Christmas night. They are sensitive to the beauty and the romance. But the theologian speaks another language. This pink-skinned Babe is the Christ, the long-promised Messiah, the Redeemer of a fallen race, the Son of God, the second Person of the eternal Trinity become Incarnate. Mystery garments this whole transaction, and that garment cannot be pierced. First there was the mystery of the overshadowing of the Virgin Mary and now there is the mystery of its sequence in which the Word Made Flesh is visible to human eyes. This young mother is and was a virgin and this virgin is a mother. There is no sin in Him or on her, and yet the sins of all men weigh heavily on them both and have brought them to the stable. This night has been glorified through every generation in Israel, but this night is cloaked in quiet and solitude. The Redemption is well on its way towards Calvary, but what does this Redemption mean, and why should these things have been, and how could they be done?

Romance may vision the beauty and dogma may phrase the meaning of the birth of Christ, but Faith and Love are needed to bow man's head in adoration before the Christ in His birth.

FOREWORD

These twin virtues inspired those nameless poets of the Middle Ages who sang the purest and the truest Christmas carols ever offered at the crib of Christ. Only one who is Catholic in heart and in eye and in mind can combine the beauty of the Nativity scene with the sublimity of the significance that inheres in the birth of Christ. From the imagination of the artist and from the Faith of the Catholic have come the verses included in this volume. That is sufficient reason for their publication now, in permanent form, as it was for their first appearance. In "America" during the past few years, these and other poems in adoration of the Christ-Child have attuned believing souls to the harmony of Christmas. These selections from "America" are now offered as contemporary, albeit humble variations of the carol the angels sang on the first Christmas night.

FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S. J.

CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword Francis X. Talbot	v
✓ Song of Love Charles L. O'Donnell	1
His Birth-Night Katherine Tynan	2
The Lonely Crib Leonard Feeney	4 ✓
A Christmas Carol Blanche Mary Kelly	5
Medieval Christmas Chant Tarcisius Rattler	6
✓ Bonnie Bethlehem Town William F. McDonald	7
The Inn P. J. O'Connor-Duffy	10
The Shepherd's Song Myles Connolly	11
Rosa Mundi Blanche Mary Kelly	12
The Good Shepherdess Francis Carlin	13
✓ A Ballad of Christmas Joys Caroline E. MacGill	16
Bethlehem Anew Francis J. McNiff	18
The Singing Troop William V. Doyle	20
Ballad of Bethlehem Michael Kenny	22
Hasten, Ye Shepherds Joseph F. Howard	24
And Joseph Also Went Up Eleanor M. Leary	25
✓ Said the Inn-Keeper Myles Connolly	27
Mary's Quest Louis J. Harrington	29
✓ The Welcome Leonard Feeney	31
In the City of David P. J. O'Connor-Duffy	33
✓ A Night for Little Things Sister M. Eleanore	35
✓ The First Christmas Holidays Ruth Mary Fox	38
Christmas Aline Kilmer	41
Christmas on Crusade Theodore Maynard	42
At Christ's Mass Francis Carlin	44

THE ETERNAL BABE



Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.



SONG OF LOVE

ALWAYS I loved a baby,
A baby loved to hold,
See, I have stolen a Baby
Out of the House of Gold.

I found in the Tower of Ivory
A Little One asleep,
I have carried Him down the mountain,
He is mine to keep.

His Mother is my Mother,
His Foster Father my friend,
And I shall have Him and love Him
World without end.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

HIS BIRTH-NIGHT

THE Child is rocked on Mary's knee,
Cold in the stall this bitter night;
And "Lullaby, loo," soft singeth she,
"My little Son and Heaven's Delight!"
When singing stars went up the sky
The Prince of Peace oped a sweet eye.

His Highness Lord, how small He lies!
He to be God and Very God!
A Jacob's ladder spans the skies
Whereof each rung is angel-trod,
Hark, how they sing: Good-will to men!
The Prince of Peace is born again!

Come in, O war-worn world, and rest;
Kneel where the gentle creatures kneel,
The Babe is clasped close to Mary's breast.
He is your Wound-Wort, your All-Heal
Balsam for wounds that ache and smart;
The Rose of Peace on Mary's heart.

HIS BIRTH-NIGHT

He gathers in His hand, so small
All herbs of healing, not a sword.
Come in, poor broken people all,
For here your ancient peace is stored.
“Lullaby, loo,” sings Mary mild,
Kissing her Lord, her God, her Child.

KATHERINE TYNAN.

THE LONELY CRIB

I PITY the slender Mother-maid
For the night was dark and her heart afraid
As she knelt in the straw where the beasts had trod
And crooned and cooed to the living God.

And I pity Saint Joseph whose heart wept o'er
The ruined stall and the broken floor
And the roof unmended for Him and her,
And to think himself was a carpenter!

O Thrones, Dominions, spirits of power,
Where were you there in that bitter hour!
And where the Cherubim-wings withal
To cover the wind-holes in the wall!

Three lambs a shepherd-boy brought, and these
Were Powers and Principalities;
And Ariel, Uriel, angels bright,
Were two frail rays from a lantern light.

The faded eyes of a wondering ass
Were dreamy mirrors where visions pass.
And a poor old ox in the stable dim,
His moo was the song of the Seraphim!

LEONARD FEENEY, S. J.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FOR that on a winter's night
Jesus Christ was born,
Let every hearth glow warm and bright,
And Christian folk have all delight,
Nor any be forlorn,
For that on a winter's night
Jesus Christ was born.

For that at His Mother's breast
Jesus Christ did wail,
Let every wife spread forth her best
And take the beggar for her guest
To share her cakes and ale,
For that on His Mother's breast
Jesus Christ did wail.

For that in a cattle stall
Jesus Christ did play,
Let every man, both free and thrall
Whether in cottage or in hall,
Sing lustily today,
For that in a cattle stall
Jesus Christ did play.

BLANCHE MARY KELLY.

MEDIEVAL CHRISTMAS CHANT

IN dulci iubilo glad ye, be merry, lo!
Our hearts' own sweet delight lies in praesepio,
Shines there as sun so bright Matris in gremio.
Alpha en est et O: Alpha en est et O.

O Ihesu parvule, born us on Christmas Day,
Take Thou this heart of mine, o Puer optime,
Make it be always Thine, tu, Princeps Glorïae.
Trahe me post te, trahe me post te.

Ubi sunt gaudia like to these wonders? Ah!
Cherubim singing shout nunc nova cantica—
Jubilees ringing out in Regis curia:
Deo sit gloria! Deo sit gloria!

TARCISIUS RATTLER, O. S. A.

BONNIE BETHLEHEM TOWN

THERE was mony a bonnie town, m' laddie,
And mony a bonnie sicht,
But nane sae fair in a' the world
As Bethlehem Town tha' nicht!

The heart o' the moon was fu', m' laddie,
As it gaed across the sky,
Save when it was hid by the shadow
Of angels passing by.

And ilka cloud hid its face, m' laddie,
And ilka star knelt down,
As He crossed the purple gates o' the nicht
On His way to Bethlehem Town.

The flakes o' snaw were the tears, m' laddie,
Tha' fell frae the angels' eyes,
Who, leaving Him here, maun gae awa'
To a lonely Paradise.

The flakes o' snaw fell fast, m' laddie,
And the wintry blasts blew wild,
But na' a roof to cover the Maid,
And na' a crib for the Child!

BONNIE BETHLEHEM TOWN

The wintry blasts blew wild, m' laddie,
And the snaw-flakes didna' care,
Like the great cold world tha' found Him,
And left Him lying there.

He gie us all His Heart, m' laddie,
A balm to heal our woe,
The godliness o' a little child,
And the luveliness o' snow.

He gie us all He had, m' laddie,
Who came frae up abuve,—
A wee bit o' joy, and a wee bit o' pain,
And the tears o' a mother's luve!

The boon o' a mother's luve, m' laddie,
And the boon o' a mother's tears,
And the boon o' a mother's cannie hand
To take us down the years.

The cave tha' nicht was the world, m' laddie,
And the manger the heart thereof,
So, coming frae God, He lay there
And filled it fu' o' luve.

BONNIE BETHLEHEM TOWN

And sae He lies the nicht, m' laddie,
And wiltna' ga' away,
But waits as He waited for mony a year
On ilka Christmas Day.

And sae He lies the nicht, m' laddie,
And sae will lie for aye,
To hear but a prayer frae you and me,
As we gae passing by.

To wash awa' our sins, m' laddie,
And gie us a golden crown,
An we but gie our hearts to Him
In bonnie Bethlehem Town.

WILLIAM F. McDONALD, S. J.

THE INN

NOW Christmas is the poor man's feast, and I
would ready the table,
And I would make a house for him as finely as I am
able:

A little house of poverty, but builded well and sure,
A little house so comely, for all that it be poor,
It will bring a holier beauty to my thoughts within
that place
Than the world's store of gold could give, or its treas-
uries of grace.

Behold, I have built for Poverty that Riches may
abide—

Pray now I greet all worthily the guests of Christ-
mastide.

O my heart be an inn today for housing of the Lord,
His crossing of the threshold my welcome's sweet
reward.

Christ's Mass be in that temple—God grant it unde-
filed—

Where I would sing a cradle-song with Mary for her
Child.

P. J. O'CONNOR-DUFFY.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

BEAUTY I sought where the skies were bluest,
Trailing my sheep down the shining lawn;
Beauty astir when the stars were fewest,
Pale in the drift of the silver dawn;
Beauty of smoky winds tearing asunder
Caravan clouds on a sunset sea;
Beauty I dreamt of when weary with wonder
Slept I beneath the cool olive tree;
Beauty of hills where the winds go winging,
Beauty of wheatfields rippling brown;
Beauty of snow and of starlight bringing
Ivory and opal to meadow and town.
Beauty of song and beauty of laughter,
Beauty of love and of love's sweet pain;
Beauty of friends in the firelight after
Toil in the cold and lash of the rain;
Beauty of life beyond my divining,
Beauty that pierces the heart like a sword—
All have I found in a dark stable shining,
All have I seen in the eyes of my Lord!

MYLES CONNOLLY.

ROSA MUNDI

NOT with crashing thunder His footsteps under,
But silent as His Father's Word the Lord
comes down.

Like a flower unfolding in His Mother's holding,
Blossoms the Rod of Jesse's root in David's town.

O shepherd folk keeping your watch unsleeping,
Come see the Word that's come to pass in Bethle-
hem!

A Magian sage's dreaming of the world's redeeming,
Come see the wondrous Rose that's sprung of
Mary's stem.

For your help and healing this is God's revealing,
This is the Rose of all the world that hidden here
doth lie,

But high shall be Its growing and heaven-high Its
showing,

When on the trellis of the Cross the bruised Rose
shall die.

BLANCHE MARY KELLY.

THE GOOD SHEPHERDESS

PEACEFUL was the time
When the Virgin's waiting hands
Sewed little swaddling bands
Of young wool.

Shadowed was the day
When Joseph sought but room
For the Shepherdess with whom
Was God's own Lamb.

Stilly was the dusk
When they but found a cold,
Dark byre in which to fold
Her Care, God's Lamb.

Solemn was the eve
When Joseph, seeking food,
Left her in solitude
With God's Pasch Lamb.

Splendid was the dark
When a star broke light to bless
The goodly Shepherdess
Of God's pure Lamb.

THE GOOD SHEPHERDESS

Lonely was the night
When, wakefully, she dreamed
That Juda's Lion seemed
As a bread-white Lamb.

Peaceful was the time
When the Virgin's eager hands
Unloosed the swaddling bands
Of young wool.

Holy was the birth
Of One whom angels found
A-borning, on the ground,
As God's own Lamb.

Sacred was the hour
When Joseph knocked, before
He entered to adore
His Care, God's Lamb.

Fleecy was the dawn
When Shepherds, yoked for love,
Bore in the namesakes of
Their God's Pasch Lamb.

THE GOOD SHEPHERDESS

Hallowed was the morn
When the beasts, arising, kneeled
To the white Scape-Goat concealed
In God's pure Lamb.

Shadowed was the day
When the breath of ox and ass,
Like incense of the Mass,
Hid the host-white Lamb.

Peaceful was the time
When the Virgin Mother's hands
Bound Jesus Christ in bands
Of young wool.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS JOYS

O WHY so glad, gray Brother,
The mirth that's in thy bray?
Last night a new-made Mother
And her Babe slept on my hay.
O why with joy, brown Brother,
Thy lowing clamoreth?
Last night a Maiden Mother
Warmed her Baby at my breath.
For the Ass and the Ox spake together,
And the Ox and the Ass knelt them down,
All in the winter weather
In Bethlehem Town.

O why so glad, sweet Manger,
Thy wood doth shine with joy?
Last night, secure from danger
I kept a new-born Boy.
O why so sweet a crooning,
Night-wind, thy melody?

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS JOYS

Last night, to angels' tuning

I played God's lullaby.

For the Earth and the Sky sang together,
And the happy Stars their morning antiphon,
All in the winter weather
In Bethlehem Town.

O why so glad, poor Peasant,

Thy silly soul would sing?

Last night 'twas made a present

For my homage to my King.

O why, most noble Mages,

Doth joy come to your breast?

We saw the Hope of Ages,

And knelt before Him, blest.

For the Mage and the Peasant knelt together,

And a Maiden and a Carpenter looked on.

All in the winter weather

In Bethlehem Town.

CAROLINE E. MacGILL.

BETHLEHEM ANEW

THE people slept in Bethlehem—
The lowly and the high—
They heard the ringing timbrels,
And caravans pass by.
They dreamed of Caesar's mandate,
Nor wot that God was nigh.

The shepherds watched and marveled,
They saw the sky alight,
They saw the heavens sundered,
And choirs all star-bedight.
They learned the awful mystery
God wrought that wondrous night.

O City of Men, new Bethlehem,
Famous and fair and grand;
Tonight the King will clarion
His call throughout the land.
But only the watchers in the hills,
Will hear and understand.

BETHLEHEM ANEW ❧

For the people will sleep in Bethlehem—
The lowly and the high—
Lured by the golden timbrels
And the maze the dancers ply,
They will dream of Caesar's mandate,
Nor reck that God is nigh.

FRANCIS J. McNIFF, S. J.

THE SINGING TROOP

IT may have been the wind I heard among the trees
tonight,
Blowing against the frozen boughs above a world of
white.

Or did there pass upon the air an angel-multitude?
And did I hear the whirring wings among the winter
wood?

Is Heaven emptied of its folk, its gateway wide and
still,
And have they sought our little star and shepherds
on a hill?

If things were not so loud of earth, oh, I might hear
the low
Sweet music of the song they sang one midnight long
ago!

And I might see the glorious troop, white flames upon
the wind,
And follow them, and follow them, were I not Heav-
en-blind.

THE SINGING TROOP

Oh, would that I had wings to fly across the world
with them,
And hear them singing near the cave outside of Beth-
lehem!

Then might my eyes behold the King within the star-
lit shed,
And I might kneel and warm my heart before the
manger-bed!

WILLIAM V. DOYLE, S. J.

BALLAD OF BETHLEHEM

PROUD lords that in Roman chariots race
Down the Jordan from Jerusalem
Laugh light as their dust clouds fleck the face
Of a man and a Maid in lowly grace;
And they bringing the King up to Bethlehem.

“What ilk that now seek hostelry?”
Cries the rich innkeeper of Bethlehem;
“Two Galileans of low degree?”
“Go get them agone, they’ve no gear for me.”
So they quest; and the King of Kings with them.

Sole hostel find they an open cave
In the wind-swept hills of Bethlehem;
And the Maid of Grace to the Just Man gave
The Babe she had brought all men to save,
The King of God’s own Jerusalem.

They throned Him sweet in a crib of straw
Saying, “Who with us will adore our King?”
And the ox and the ass feel their Maker’s law
And their worship breathe on the King they saw,
And “Glory to God” His angels sing.

BALLAD OF BETHLEHEM

And "Glory to God," twelve shepherds shout,
And their lambs they bring to the Lamb of God;
And adoring ring they His throne about—
Heart pure and poor they know not doubt—;
And they carry their King in their hearts abroad.

And, "Glory to God," cry the royal three,
And adore they the King of their guiding star;
By its light God's Might in a crib they see,
And their riches all they give Him free,
And instead take Him in their hearts afar.

Then, simple and gentle, howe'er bedight,
Come with Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem;
Come, men of good will, in Faith's starlight,
And adore God's Son this Christmas night,
And bear Him away in your hearts with them.

MICHAEL KENNY, S. J.

HASTEN, YE SHEPHERDS

CHRIST is born, Christ is born,
Where is the manger all forlorn
Where the Messiah sleeps?
He's come, He's come, the promised One,
Where is He, God's own Son,
Of whom the Angels sang?

Angels sang, Angels sang,
Heaven and earth with glory rang,—
We cannot well explain.
We seek, we seek, the stable cave,
Where is the Babe, who came to save
Israel from sin.

To save from sin, to save from sin,
Haste to the cave and enter in—
Behold the wondrous Child.
O Christ, O Babe, we Thee adore,
Hast done so much, yet will do more.
O glorious day of days!

JOSEPH F. HOWARD, S. J.

“AND JOSEPH ALSO WENT UP”

THE earth doth show a weary face
While night deep shadows flings,
And waits as little children wait
For one who comfort brings.

The winds sing softly, wistfully,
A tender baby song,
That stirs her lonely empty arms—
The time cannot be long.

A golden cradle swinging
In the garden of the sky.
The moon hath broke her patience sweet
And softly does she sigh.

The trees their shadows drop on her,
All lacy is her dress,
They crown her hair and shield her eyes
Soft as a child's caress.

“AND JOSEPH ALSO WENT UP”

Thus she rides wrapt in her dreams,
That I may never know;
My joy to guide the beast for her
With careful steps and slow.

Yet as we go my heart is high,
Shorter seems each mile;
For I have seen within her eyes
The dawning of a smile.

ELEANOR M. LEARY.

SAID THE INN-KEEPER

I CANNOT take these poor;
They do not pay;
They brand the house, they bring disgrace;
I had to send that pair away. . . .
And yet there was a strange look on her face,
This girl who kept her eyes upon the floor,
So strange I stopped a space
Before I sent them from the door.

What could I do?
A man must make a living while he may,
And trade is trade, and money, too,
And sentiment is not, I say.

And yet this girl was strangely fair:
She shivered in the doorway there,
And once she raised her eyes to mine. . . .
I bowed; I would have knelt, I swear,
But at the table some poor lout
Made cry for wine
And broke the spell. . . .

SAID THE INN-KEEPER

I saw the poorness of the pair
And put them out.
And I did well.
Two merchants took the great room overhead.
It is my principle: I buy and sell
And give my pity to the dead.

And yet this girl, this girl. . . .
I turned her from my door,
But she looked back with kindly eyes
And fairer than before,
And went away
As if she walked with emperors
And was a queen, and all the world was hers!

What could I say?
A man must make his living while he may.

MYLES CONNOLLY.

MARY'S QUEST

O JOSEPH, I am glad
They spurned us from the inn;
How could He bear the mad
Carousal and the din,
The reek and garish flare
Of smoking torch and dips,
The leer of curious stare,
The mock of ribald lips?
For none would there divine
The Treasure that I bring,
My bosom's inmost shrine
So sweetly burdening.

As down the shadowed fields
Gleamed Bethlehem's dim lights,
I saw a tent that shields
The shepherds, wintry nights;
The bleat of lambs I caught—
The low of kine—the breath
Of sweet mown grass—and thought
Of far off Nazareth.

MARY'S QUEST ❧

O find the path that leads
Back through the nightwind's sting,
And make this thatch of reeds
The palace of our King!

LOUIS J. HARRINGTON.

THE WELCOME

NO music He heard, and no angels He saw
As He lay in His wrappings of linen and straw;
And the ox and the ass could not kneel and adore,
For the poor creatures never were angels before.

The palace He found was an old cattle stall
With a broken-down roof and a windowless wall,
And it looked so ashamed of its spider-worn wood:
But it tried to be Heaven as well as it could.

A dull stable-lantern that hung dark and dim
Was the small bit of moonlight that flickered on Him;
Now it longed to be beautiful, starry and bright,
And it sputtered and wept for the dearth of its light.

But a Lady of Beauty stood over His head
While she gathered the strewings about for His bed;
And her soul was as sweet as a fresh-budding rose
And as white as the fusion of myriad snows.

THE WELCOME

And her hands did not soil this immaculate prize,
And her breath did not sully the bloom in His eyes;
On her breast sweet and safe could He slumber and
 nod,
The lily-white village-maid, Mother of God.

LEONARD FEENEY, S. J.

IN THE CITY OF DAVID

IN its sleep the cold city stirred,
And slept again: but one who came
To be enrolled had dreamed a word,
Seen the white moving of a flame,
Had felt a wonder in that hour
Which was the spirit and the breath
Of mystery and heavenly power,
Yet dreamed nor God, nor Nazareth. . . .

Unhappy, pitiless Bethlehem,
In thine ancient crown is place
For a missing, queen-worthy gem:
The shining jewel of pity's grace!
On two poor folk who passed in gloom
Thy doors were closed, and closed thine eyes—
Thinkest thou, would there have been room
If they had come up kingly-wise?

The dark hills overshadowing
The city shone with sudden light,
And they who kept watch, shepherding,
Beheld an angel in the night.

IN THE CITY OF DAVID

“Fear not!” the angel said, and spoke
The Christ, His coming, unto all . . .
And over the high crests there broke
Angelic glory, musical!

Forgotten then the folded sheep,
The vigil, and each task pursued:
Within their hearts yet quivered deep
The music of God’s multitude;
Sweet tears of gladness many wept,
A sanctity transfigured them;
They heeded little where they stepped
Going down in haste to Bethlehem.

From out a cave a radiance spilled
Into the dusk like mist of gold,
And the same holy awe that thrilled
Upon the heights grew manifold.
And they went trembling to the byre,
And they saw brightness as they trod—
Then looked upon the world’s Desire
Joy-stricken . . . face to face with God!

P. J. O’CONNOR-DUFFY.

A NIGHT FOR LITTLE THINGS

AROUND the edge of the moon-splashed hill,
The little winds hurry by.

"Where are you going?" I call after them,
And over their shoulders comes the laughing reply,
"We are running over to Bethlehem,
To sing a sweet, little lullaby!"

A wonderful star glides among the small stars,
Who dance at the message it brings.
"What are you doing, you silly stars?"
And down the small winds their laughter rings,
"We are dancing because within an old cave
There are angels with folded wings."

On the star-swept hill are tired, happy lambs,
Whose mothers are guarding their sleep.
"Why are you watching? Can you not rest?"
I ask the wakeful mother sheep.
"Because we, too, like the wee Lamb of God's
Own Mother, a vigil of fear must keep!"

A NIGHT FOR LITTLE THINGS ❧

In the dim, snowy woods are small, shaggy trees
That quiver with delight.

“What is the matter?” I whisper to them.

Then the laughter of voices young and bright
The small winds bring, and they say, “Children come
To choose Christmas trees for tonight.”

On the desert are men with little-child hearts
And child-like men on the hill.

“Where are you riding?” I ask the rich, and

“Where are you walking?” the poor. “Peace, be
still,

And open your heart to the tidings we bring
To God’s children of good will!”

Oh, how I wish I were little, too,

With trustful humility!

With the laughing winds and the stars and the lambs

And the trees and the children filled with glee,

I should laughingly run to Bethlehem

To the Little One waiting for me!

A NIGHT FOR LITTLE THINGS

In the way of the little laughing things,

I would run through the stars and the snow,

“Where are you going in such foolish haste?”

The wise ones would ask, though they never can
know.

I would run through the years and into death’s arms,

Laughing, “Oh, hurry, to God I must go!”

SISTER M. ELEANORE, C. S. C.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

THIRTY thousand angels came—
Says the ancient Polish lore—
To the cave of Bethlehem
The wee Christ Child to adore.

And they filled the place with light,
Light reflected from the Throne
On their great soft wings of white—
God's light carried to His own
Dear Son in the stable lone.

And the Polish peasant tells
How the little angels played
With the Christ Child when they came—
Quite at ease and unafraid.

Heaven's gates you see were closed,
Had been closed since Adam's sin;
And there were no babies there
For God could not let them in.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ❧

How the angels loved this Babe
Wished to fondle and caress Him!
Even hoped His Mother might
Let them wash Him and help dress Him.
Little angels wished to bless Him.

But the Blessed Mother knew
She could serve her Baby best.
And she told the little angels
To be quiet; the Child must rest:
And she clasped Him to her breast.

Oh they hushed each other then
Made soft noises with their wings
While she crooned a lullaby
To the sound, like muted strings,
Made by the angels' quivering wings.

And they tried to be quite still
While the little Jesus slept,
Almost made no noise at all.
Thirty thousand angels kept
Quiet while the Infant slept!

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

But oh, when the Baby woke,
Then the angels' fun began!
Never have been such good times
In the tale of God and man.

For the angels all took turns
Doing tricks: the little One
Gurgled, sometimes laughed aloud
With the angels. 'Twas such fun

To see them playing with their wings—
Angels playing peek-a-boo—
Flying backward, soaring up
With rhythmic grace, as angels do.

Maybe playing "falling leaves"
As a modern birdman plays—
Don't you wish you had been there
Those first Christmas holidays?

RUTH MARY FOX.

CHRISTMAS

“**A**ND shall you have a Tree,” they say,
“Now one is dead and one away?”

Oh, I shall have a Christmas Tree!
Brighter than ever it shall be;
Dressed out with colored lights to make
The room all glorious for your sake.
And under the Tree a Child shall sleep
Near shepherds watching their wooden sheep.
Threads of silver and ropes of gold,
Scarlet bubbles the Tree shall hold,
And little glass bells that tinkle clear.
I shall trim it alone but feel you near.

And when Christmas Day is almost done,
When they all grow sleepy one by one,
When Kenton's books have all been read,
When Deborah's climbing the stairs to bed;
I shall sit alone by the fire and see
Ghosts of you both come close to me.
For the dead and the absent always stay
With the one they love on Christmas Day.

ALINE KILMER.

CHRISTMAS ON CRUSADE

HERE shall we bivouac beneath the stars,
Gather the remnant of our chivalry
About the crackling fires, and nurse our scars,
And speak no more as fools must, bitterly.

The roads familiar to His feet we trod;
We saw the lonely hill whereon He wept,
Prayed, agonized—dear God of very God!
And watched the whole world while the whole
world slept.

We speak no more in anger; Christian men
Our armies rolled upon you, wave and wave;
But crooked words and swords, O Saracen,
Can only hold what they have given—a grave!

We know Him, know that gibbet whence was torn
The pardon that a felon spoke on sin:
There is more life in His dead crown of thorn
Than in your sweeping horsemen, Saladin!

CHRISTMAS ON CRUSADE ❧

We speak no more in anger; we will ride
Homeless to our own homes. His bruised head
Had never resting-place. Each Christmastide
Blossoms the thorn and we are comforted.

Yea, of the sacred cradle of our creed
We are despoiled; the kindly tavern door
Is shut against us in our utmost need—
We know the awful pastime of the poor!

We speak no more in anger, for we share
His homelessness. We will forget your scorn.
The wild bells ring throughout the Christmas air;
God homeless in our homeless homes is born.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

AT CHRIST'S MASS

OBSCURITY
Becometh me,
Being now as one
With David's Son
Whose shepherding
Hid Him as King.

O Self-slain Feast,
On whom the beast
Once breathed to warm
Thy snowy Form;
For all Light's Fire
Beflamed the byre!—

O Food once fed!
O Flesh, O Bread,
Whom angels saw
On wheaten straw:
Whom flails did thresh
As wheat, yet Flesh!—

AT CHRIST'S MASS

O Self-revealed,
Whose stall concealed
Heaven's honors seen
But by its Queen;
Whose cross spread shame,
Yea, in Thy Name!—

O King obscure,
Who gavest Thy poor
The Magi-gold
They formed to hold
Thee, Infinite,
Who willest it!—

O Thou whose grail
'Neath linen veil
(Like swaddling gauze)
Concealed my Cause;
As Thy Shepherdhood
Hid Royal Blood!—

AT CHRIST'S MASS

O Christ! O Thou
Abiding now
At this my inn
Whose latching-pin
Had long denied
Who would abide!—

While Flesh Divine
Is one with mine,
The Shepherd-King's
With the hireling's,
Obscurity
Becometh Thee.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

×

Date Due

D 18 '49	DEC 13 '49		
N 21 '51	JAN 3 - '50		
D 18 '51	DEC 4 - '53		
Ja 19 '52	NOV 30 '54		
D 19 '52	OCT 25 '56		
D 5 - '53	DEC 6 '50		
Ja 4 '54	NOV 29 '60		
D 21 '55	DEC 27 '81		
O 25 '55	NOV 23 '82		
Ja 6 '56	NOV 27 '63		
D 4 '57	~~2-70~~		
D 19 '49			
DEC 17 '49			
DEC 18 '49			
DEC 13 '44			
DEC 18 '44			
DEC 2 '47			
D 15 '48			

MARYGROVE COLLEGE LIBRARY
The eternal babe ; verses from "
811.08 Am33e



3 1927 00041046 1

2

811.08

Am33e Talbot, F. X.
cop.2 The eternal Babe

811.08

Am33e
cop.2

